

The funeral of the late Archbishop Hennrich will take place in Milwaukee at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning.

The Democrats in New York will have an elephantine job on hand when the attempt to make harmony in the party.

Mr. Tilden and John Kelly will give the New York campaign a little spice. They propose to adopt the old-time practice of fighting each other. John will come out ahead as usual—that is, he will defeat Tilden.

The prohibitionists in Ohio are making a sort of cider mill and wine press campaign. They endorse these instruments, but fail to show wherein is the difference between a wine press and a distillery. It would be better if the prohibitionists of Ohio would throw a little consistency into the campaign.

Here is an item of interest regarding the running time from Washington to Long Branch by the Presidential train: "The distance from Washington to Long Branch by the short route taken by the Presidential railroad train is 228 miles. The trip was made in precisely 330 minutes—that is, in six hours and twenty-nine minutes, or at the rate of a mile in one minute and forty-three seconds."

The cheek of some men seems to have no limit. It has just been found out that the Ohio penitentiary has been converted by certain enterprising and skillful prisoners into a counterfeiting-money factory. The prisoners have been counterfeiting small coins, and putting them into circulation through one of the number who was "trusted" by the officers and allowed to drive a team outside. This brings out the humorous side of penal reform, and beside being quite beyond burlesque, will prove a very interesting study for some sentimental philanthropists.

It is reported that President Garfield wants Surgeon General Barnes, and Dr. Reynolds and Woodward dismissed from the case. He seems to be getting tired of having so many surgeons about him. Dr. Bliss objected to the dismissal of these men but the President was firm and likely he will have his own way. The case is becoming almost discouraging. He still suffers much, and while he has some favorable symptoms, he has many which are unfavorable. The poor man is almost tired out with pain and the heat, and the ups and downs of his condition, with no very marked improvement at any time, surround the case with a great many discouragements. There is hope, however, that when the weather becomes cooler he will begin to improve steadily.

The man who is running on the prohibition ticket for Governor of Ohio, is Mr. A. R. Ludlow. He is engaged in a strange business for a prohibitionist. He is engaged in manufacturing cider mill and wine presses, and the Columbus (Ohio) Journal, has these remarks thereon: "We have all heard of 'cider mills' and similar implements, but all such institutions are associated in the mind with wickedness, depravity and the sons of Belial. But prohibition cider mills and 'People's Temperance Reform' wine mills are the exclusive and peculiar property of the children of light—A. R. Ludlow, inventor and manufacturer."

By selling his mills, Mr. Ludlow contributes to the stock of hard cider and wine, and hard cider and wine intoxicate much more readily than beer. Of course the prohibitionists say that his mills and presses are not intended for the making of intoxicating drinks. Neither is beer intended for an intoxicating drink, but it intoxicates all the same, and Mr. Ludlow's mills and presses are contributing to the intemperance of the day.

THE COCHRANE MURDER TRIAL.

The trial of W. H. Cochrane for the murder of Judge Hayden in October, 1879, is in progress at Neillsville, Clark county. The murder was committed at Centuria in this State. Cochrane was cashier of a bank in that city, and Hayden was county judge. It was reported that Judge Hayden was taking a course which would lead to the ruin of Cochrane's home, and certain letters were intercepted from Hayden to Mrs. Cochrane which proved that the reports were not ill-founded. Judge Hayden and Cochrane had been warm friends for years. Hayden made a great many enemies at different times, but up to the last Cochrane remained a faithful friend. At first he refused to believe the stories circulated about him, but when the letters were opened the evidence of guilt was too strong to be denied, and at last Mrs. Cochrane made a full confession and left her husband's beautiful home forever. Cochrane was almost paralyzed by the revelation, and determined to shun Judge Hayden as much as possible, and not to molest him. Hayden was expelled from the Masonic order and this created a feud between the friends of Cochrane and Hayden.

To make matters worse, and to show as much contempt for decency and honor as possible Hayden went to Centuria, a few miles from Grand Rapids, and bought a little newspaper, and began to denounce Cochrane in most bitter terms. He not only attacked him in a general way, but he made contemptuous and unwarranted allusions to the scandal. This was more than humanity could bear, and getting a gun, Cochrane went to Centuria, and meeting Hayden on the street, shot him dead without a moments warning.

He returned to Grand Rapids and surrendered himself to the authorities and the next day gave bail in the sum of \$10,000. Cochrane continued to attend strictly to his banking business as if nothing had happened, but the friends of each principal to the scandal came near committing mob violence several times.

Cochrane is a splendid business man, is well liked wherever he is known, and has an elegant residence and a handsome fortune. His wife and one child are living in the East, and Mrs. Hayden and her children are in Minnesota. An attempt will be made to put both women on the stand, so as to draw out Mrs. Cochrane's confession.

Cochrane has Hon. Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, and several other prominent lawyers to defend him, while the State has J. P. C. Cottrill, of Milwaukee, Judge Cate, and had the promise of Colonel Ingersoll, but the latter can not attend the trial on account of other engagements. It will be one of the most exciting and interesting murder trials ever known in the State.

THE DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP HENRI.

The Most Reverend John Martin Hennrich, Archbishop of Milwaukee, died in that city on Wednesday, at noon. He had been in feeble health for some time, and for several days before his death, his life was despaired of. Archbishop Hennrich was one of the most prominent Catholic prelates in this country. He was born in Switzerland in 1805, and at an early age decided to enter the priesthood. His education was thorough, having received instruction from three able and well known bishops, who took special care to make his training to comport with the dignity and duties of the office to which he aspired. In 1829 he went to Rome, and while there attracted the attention of Bishop Fenwick, of Ohio, who was on a visit to the Eternal City, and at the instance of this good Bishop, young Hennrich decided to come to the United States. He settled for a while at Bardonia, in Kentucky, where he attended college for a short time previous to being ordained to the priesthood. After his ordination he went to Ohio, and under the direction of Bishop Fenwick, did a great deal of effective missionary work. Shortly after this Bishop Purcell elevated Hennrich to the post of Vicar-General of the See, and in 1844, a provincial council of bishops in Cincinnati, nominated him for the episcopate of the then newly-formed diocese of Milwaukee, and on the 31 of May of that year he entered upon the duties of his new field of labor.

Since that time there has been a vast change in the diocese of Milwaukee. His cathedral was then a little wooden building, and like the diocese, was poverty stricken. The house in which he moved was an exceedingly modest one, and one of the first unpleasant experiences he had in his new home was a threat of eviction to cause a balance due on the property was not paid immediately. The Bishop saw that it was no time to quarrel and that delay would be of no advantage, and therefore he paid the amount himself, and in so doing expended every cent he had in the world. Since that time he has done wonderful things for the diocese of Milwaukee. It now has its stately cathedral, magnificent churches, splendid institutions of learning, and noble charities, and Bishop Hennrich should have the credit for very much of this great advancement. He went to Europe once and to Mexico once to secure money from the rich with which to begin these church buildings, and his success was satisfactory. Under his management the diocese grew strong and wealthy, until he was made Archbishop, his investiture in the pallium taking place on the 31 of June, 1875.

Mr. William E. Cramer, the venerable editor of the Evening Wisconsin, was personally acquainted with Archbishop Hennrich for more than thirty years, and the following is his estimate of the man: "We had the pleasure of meeting him at the grand ecclesiastical council held in Rome in 1870, when 800 bishops, archbishops, cardinals and other high dignitaries of his church, were gathered in co-cathedral at St. Peter's, and we were there specially impressed with those traits which rendered him a fitting servant of the humble and lowly Jesus. He was there as the bishop of Milwaukee, the representative of a diocese of no mean account; yet of all the prelates assembled there was not one plainer in his attire, more modest in his deportment, less surrounded with the attendants and the pomp of the great religious organization to which he belonged, and of which he was naturally proud to be a member, than the good man John Martin Hennrich, who has just gone to his long account. The writer of this has in himself a living faith that he who is truly a Christian and a devout servant of Jesus, no matter what may be his rank, should not try to impress others by the vanities of outward display. Our good archbishop had not one particle of this failing in his nature. We admired the man while he lived, and now revere his memory among the noble dead."

Small Comfort.

When you are continually coughing night and day, annoying everybody around you, and hoping it will go away of its own accord, you are running a dangerous risk—better use Dr. THOMAS' Eucalyptic Ore, an unfailing remedy in all such cases.

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NEWS OF THE DAY.

President Garfield Remains in About the Same Condition as Yesterday.

The Doctors Are Hoping for Cooler Weather at the Branch.

Another Talk with Dr. Bliss Relating to the Condition of the President.

A Chicago & Alton Passenger Train Robbed Last Night.

Passengers of Both Sexes and the Express Car Plundered.

The Deed Accomplished Only Fourteen Miles from Kansas City.

Contents of the Passengers' Pockets Empty into a Pillow-case.

The Outlaws Blatant in Their Declarations of Contempt for the Law.

They Intend to Break up Both the Alton and Rock Island Railroads.

There Were About a Dozen of Them, Very Poorly Masked.

They Claimed to Be the James Gang, but Are Considered New Hands at the "Business."

A Wet and Muddy Time at the Minneapolis Fair.

THE PRESIDENT.

Special to the Gazette. BLISSBURG, N. J., Sept. 8.—Unofficial—Dr. Reynolds said this morning that the President was restless during the early part of the night, but slept well after daylight, until morning. Bliss says he is in a better condition this morning than for ten days.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 8.—Official 8:30 a. m.—At the morning examination made at 8 o'clock, the President's pulse, 104; temperature, 98.7; respiration, 18. He was restless and wakeful during the early part of the night, but after midnight slept well till morning. His general condition appears more encouraging.

DR. BLISS.

Unfavorable Weather at the Branch.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 7.—Dr. Bliss said to-night that "the President was at a stand-still, waiting for a breeze, like the schooner which floats idly on the ocean before his cottage. The ocean breeze, to enjoy which we brought him these 230 miles, has deserted upon his arrival, and we are but little better off than when we started. True, the trouble from malaria is avoided, but in a room with a temperature of 91 degrees, we had better have remained at the White House with our cooling apparatus."

Dr. Bliss sat on the hotel piazza mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, and evidently disturbed at the state of the weather.

"The very thing we came here for is not here. The thermometer at the Elberon has been rising about the nineties all day, and at the extreme western end of the building was as high as 102. There was no breeze in the President's room, except for a little while about 2 o'clock. At intervals the President slept, and his food was given and taken without disturbance. About noon the pulse was 114, and at 6 o'clock it had fallen to 108. During the afternoon the temperature began to show the effects of the heat, and at about 3 reached 101. At this hour (7 o'clock) his temperature is still high. The wound is doing better. It shows more signs of granulation than formerly. The condition of the blood is improving slowly, and no doubt do well if he had good air, but look at this," and the doctor fanned himself with renewed vigor at the thought of the subject.

"I think most of the bad blood has been worked off, and the new blood will be pure if he can only make it. The paralytic swelling is doing well. It is discharging yet, but considerably improves. One of the incisions through the cheek has entirely healed. The sloughing has been less than we expected, but one or two little pieces have sloughed off since we arrived. 'If the weather keeps up,' said the doctor again referring to the subject, 'we will have to get the President out of that room. He can't stand it. It's enough to kill any sick man.'"

TRAIN ROBBERS.

Another Bold Train Robbery Near Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 7.—Shortly after 9 o'clock to-night the incoming Chicago & Alton passenger train that left Chicago Tuesday at 12:30 was stopped and robbed by a band of robbers three miles east of Independence and fourteen miles east of Kansas City. The train was flagged and then ten or twelve men entered the cars and robbed the express-car, baggage-master, conductor, Pullman conductor, and all the passengers, except in the rear car.

The ladies in the sleeping-car, some fifteen in number, were relieved of diamond earrings, rings, watches, and mon-

ey. They got about \$2,500 from the passengers, and it is thought about the same amount from the express safe.

The express messenger H. A. Fox, was terribly beaten over the head with a revolver, and at last gave up the keys to the safe, and the robbers took all the contents. When they entered the Pullman car, five in number, all were masked, and while one held an open bag or pillow case, each person was relieved of his or her valuables, which were thrown indiscriminately into the bag. The car conductor, J. J. Price, lost his watch and chain and \$100.

J. M. Hazelbacher, the train conductor, ran through the train, alarming all passengers, and telling them that the robbers were on board, and then ran back and lagged a freight train, running very close. He then came back to the train, and was at once searched, but had thrown his watch into the ladies' closest, and so they got nothing. One of the robbers poked a revolver into his face, and said "that is the pistol that killed Westfall, on the Rock Island road, and it will kill you if you stir."

The same man said he was Jesse James, and that they robbed the Alton train because it had joined with the Rock Island and other to capture the outfit. He also said they would burn the cars and bridges if an organized pursuit is made. Another man in the gang also said his name was Jesse James, and, after robbing the engineer, Chas. Foots, gave him back \$2 and told him to go and get a drink and quit railroad work on the section or he would be back in ten minutes. The robbers talked all the time, and wore white masks. Some had hats on, and some had not, but all wore dusters. They were armed shotguns, old-fashioned blunderbusses, and pistols, and had on high-top boots and farmers' clothes. The place where the robbery took place is deep cut, near where the Missouri Pacific track crosses it, and the country is hilly and well wooded, and just suitable for such a robbery. It is only a few miles from Gladville, where the Alton train was robbed in 1879 by Jesse James and gang, when they secured nearly \$15,000. As soon as the robbers had gone through all the passengers they told the engineer to pull out, and said: "Good night. This is the last of the James boys' gang." The train came at once to Kansas City, and posses of men have already left by special train and on horseback to head off the highwaymen, if possible.

T. F. Frank Burton, the brakeman, made the following statement of the robbery: "He said:

"I was standing on the front platform of the sleeper when the train stopped, and I heard voices and on the back platform. I said, in a moment: 'We are going to be robbed.' Then one of the robbers cried out: 'We are coming in and going through you all.'"

I remembered that the freight train was just behind us, and I heard it coming up. I jumped off and ran with my lantern down the track. They commenced shooting at me. The bullets whistled all around me, and struck the rails and stone.

"They must have fired twenty-five shots. The engineer said: 'Get God's grace! Don't shoot the boys.' He is saving the lives of these people.' Then one of them threw up his arms and cried: 'Stop shooting!' I rolled into the cut and waved my lantern."

The freight train was stopped only a car length off. When I came back the robbers said: 'Have you lost anything?' I answered: 'Fifty cents.' He said: 'Show me it.'—and I will kill him."

He gave me one dollar and fifty cents for interest. Then I heard one of the robbers say to the engineer, 'Choppy Foots, your too good a man to keep up this business. Here's \$2 to buy a drink in the morning, and to drink it for Jesse James. I warn you you'll be killed if you don't leave this road. We are going to tear up and bust the Alton and the Rock Island roads, for they've been offering rewards for us. We've got no grudge against the Pullmans, and we'll scratch off their cars and burn all the rest. I am the man who killed Westfall, at Winston. He was too smart, and drew a revolver.' Burton did not believe it was Jesse James, or any of his gang.

They all acted grown in the business, and he thought they were men living in the vicinity. They made no attempt to disguise their voices.

Bank Lombard, the new agent was interviewed by Tribune reporter and said: "I was sitting in the smoking car talking with the conductor, Jack Hazelbacher. We were then on the up grade, about four miles from Independence."

All of a sudden the train came to a stop. I said to Hazelbacher: 'There is another freight-train way. I suppose we heard loud voices and pistol shots. I looked out and saw lanterns flashing. We knew that train robbers were on us. Hazelbacher ran back into the train and warned the passengers. They were all looking out of the windows until the robbers called out to them to pull in their heads and then they were ordered to get up and then the robbers had stopped the train by putting an obstruction on the rails and signaling. I am sure there were a dozen of them, although some of the passengers placed the number at six-to-eight. Everybody was panic-stricken and helpless. I ran out of the car and found the men guarding the engine and fireman. They were all poorly masked, but all armed with Henry rifles. They were swearing loudly and shooting at random. Some of them passed into the mail-car, but did not touch anything. Express-Messenger Fox in the meantime had barricaded the express car.

They climbed upon the car ran around and began to shoot. They broke into the car and knocked Fox down by a violent blow on the head. They then robbed the passengers of their valuables. I ran back to the smoking car and hid most of my money. The robbers came in and ordered me, with an oath, to lie down, I did so, and he shoved a gun up to my head and told me to fork over. I said my money was under the cushion. They told me to get it, and I got it in a hurry. They were about \$15. They then told me to sit still, and they went back to the other cars. They made a wholesale robbery of watches, money, and jewelry. Dr. C. A. Leathstrom, of Milwaukee, was robbed of money and jewelry, but hid a large amount of currency under the carpet, which was saved."

MINNEAPOLIS.

Her Fair Grounds a Men of Mud, Notwithstanding Which Many Persons Were Present.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 7.—The day opened with a cold, drizzling rain, and the Minneapolis fair grounds were again a sea of mud and water. In spite of this a con-

siderable number of people assembled within the gates, trusting to fair weather later in the day. At noon their faith was rewarded by a cessation of rain and clearing skies. The wind shifted to the east, and although chilly, was not really cold. The small showmen put their banners on the outer walls, the hurdy-gurdies were turned up, and the show went off with quite an appearance of animation. The attendance was materially increased to-day, but 2,000 paid tickets were collected at the gates. Up to noon to-day more than this number had been admitted, and every incoming train was loaded with people. During the afternoon the people flocked to the fair-grounds in considerable numbers, and the scenes presented were indications of still greater throngs for the remaining days, providing the weather is propitious.

Over 165,000 Howe Scales have been sold. Send for Catalogue to Bonzen, Szelbeck & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Josh Billings says: "There ain't no pi in natral histry that has been et more, and that more oft than apple pi, and no medicine can cure indigestion and biliousness but as well as Sarsaparilla." Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by A. J. Roberts and J. Sherer & Co.

Since Dean Stanley died, a story he often told of Carlisle has been recalled by many who heard him tell it. Some years ago when the queen was at Windsor she said to Lady Augusta Stanley that she would like to meet, in a way not be ceremonious, a few but would eminent men of letters, and soon after the day was fixed. The guests were to be seven in number, two of them to be ladies, and in all were as follows: Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, Mr. and Mrs. George Grote, Robert Browning, Charles Dickens and Mr. Carlyle. Her majesty had before met them all except Carlyle. Hmshe had often read and appreciated, and had interest chiefly centered in him. She started as the subject of conversation the probable future of the second French empire—a subject on which Carlyle was greatly at home, for in those days he was predicting, with singular clearness of vision, how the whole Napoleonic drama would be extinguished in flame and smoke from beneath the stage on which it was acted. Both were standing when the talk began and as he warmed with his subject the queen still remained on her feet. He desired greatly to sit down; "If your majesty would be seated we could carry on the discussion with more ease." Of course, she had never reterized his fatigue, but at once the queen of England—and probably for the first time in her life, as queen—looked a seat at the invitation of a subject.

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